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True Copy

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N I X O N's

Cheshire Prophecy,

W I T H

Historical *and* Political

REMARKS;

A N D

Several Instances wherein
it is Fulfill'd.

The THIRD Edition, Corrected.

L O N D O N,

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THE
C H E S H I R E
PROPHECY.

THE *Cheshire* Prophecy
has met with so favourable
a Reception from
the Publick, who have already
taken of *Two* large Editions of
it, that I am tempted to comply
with their Demands of a *Third*,
which I have carefully Revis'd
and Corrected. I have also made
some Additions to it from the In-
formations of Intelligent Persons

of that County, where the Prophecy is much in Vogue.

Our Prophet *Nixon* was a sort of an *Idiot*, and us'd to be employ'd in following the Plough; he had liv'd in some Farmers Families, and was their Drudge and their Jest. At last *Thomas Cholmondeley* of *Vale-Royal*, Esq; took him into his House, and he liv'd there when he compos'd this Prophecy, which he deliver'd with as much Gravity and Solemnity as if he had been an Oracle; and it was observ'd, that though the Fool was a Drivler, and could not speak common Sense when he was uninspir'd; yet in delivering his *Prophecies* he spoke plainly and sensibly, how truly will be shewn in the following Pages. As to the time when he liv'd we cannot

cannot fix it, but it must be during the Exile, and after the Restoration of King *Charles II.* because it was when Mr. *Thomas Cholmondeley*, Father of *Charles Cholmondeley*, Esq; Knight of the Shire for the County, in the two last Parliaments, was living.

As to the Credit of the following Prophecy, I dare say it is as well attested as any of *Nostradamus's* or *Merlin's*, and has come to pass as well as the best of 'Squire *Bickerstaff's*, the latter, the greatest Prophet of the last Century. Now, I wou'd not have any Body laugh at it meerly because it is a Prophecy. Some ungodly People think there has been no Witch since the Witch of *Endor*, and no Prophet since *Malachi*, but it is plain enough, that Great Men have in
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all Ages had recourse to Prophecy as well as the Vulgar. Fortune-telling is in the Low kind of Prophecy, and yet those Minor Prophets, the Fortune-tellers, have many Advocates to argue, and, if you please, to prove the Truth and Importance of their Predictions. Not to give Instances out of Ancient History of the Wonders perform'd by *English*, *Scots*, and *Irish* Prophets ; the most Modern Story furnishes us with Examples of the greatest Monarchs that have receiv'd Comfort from the Art of *Sooth-saying*. I would not have all grave Persons despise the Inspiration of *Nixon*. The late *French* King gave Audience to an inspir'd *Farrier*, and Rewarded him with 100 Pistoles for his Prophetical Intelligence, tho' by what I can learn

learn he did not come near our
Nixon for Gifts.

The *Cheshire* Prophecy has so many Oddnesses in it, that I'm sure the Reader will be glad to see a Thing which is as well known in that County *Palatine*, as *Mother Shipton's* in *Yorkshire*. We do not indeed deliver it in Verse as the old Oracles were, when the Prophets and Poets were all of one Trade, and *Vates* was a common Name for both ; but the Simplicity, the Circumstances and History of it are so Remarkable, that I cou'd not help communicating it to the Publick, who, I hope, will be as much delighted with it as I was my self. By the way, this is not a Prophecy of to Day, 'tis as Old as *Oliver*, and the Story will make it appear, that there is as
 little

little Imposture in it as the *Jacobites* pretend there is in the Person it seems to have an Eye to; but whether they are both Impostures alike or not, I leave it to the Reader, and give him the *Prophecy* in the Phrase of the Original as follows :

‘ There liv’d in former Times
 ‘ a Fool, whose Name was *Nixon*,
 ‘ He was kept in the Family of
 ‘ the *Cholmondeley’s* of *Vale-Royal*
 ‘ in *Cheshire*. One Day he came in
 ‘ from Plough out of the Field,
 ‘ and laying down the Things he
 ‘ had in his Hands, he remain’d a
 ‘ little while in the Dumps, and
 ‘ then with a hoarse Voice, said,
 ‘ Now I’ll *PROPHESY*.

T H E

C H E S H I R E P R O P H E C Y .

WHEN a Raven shall build in a
 Lyons Mouth, then a King of
England shall be driven out of his King-
 dom and never Return, and an Heir
 shall be born to the *Cholmondeley's* Fa-
 mily ; an Eagle shall then sit on the Top
 of the House, and his Heir shall live to
 see *England* invaded by Foreigners, who
 shall come as far as *de la Mere Forest*
 in *Cheshire*, but a Miller, nam'd *Peter*,
 shall be born with two Heels on one
 Foot, and shall at that Time be living
 in a Mill near Mr. *Cholmondeley's*, and
 shall be Instrumental in delivering the
 Nation. A Boy shall be born with three
 Thumbs, and shall hold three King's
 Horses, while *England* shall three times
 be Won and Lost in one Day. The
B
Invader

Invader shall be kill'd, and laid a-cross a Horse's Back like a Calf ; the Miller shall be Knighted by the Victorious Prince, and after that *England* shall see happy Days, and Men of Valour, Virtue and Merit shall again Prosper.

As a Token of the Truth of these Things, the Wall of Esquire *Cholmondeley's* House, towards the Pond, shall fall, and if it fall downwards, the Church shall be oppress'd, but if upwards, against the rising Hill on the side of it, it shall flourish again, and the Bones of a *British* King shall be found under it ; the Pond shall run with Blood three Days, and the Cross-Stone Pillar in the *Forrest* sink so low into the Ground, that a Crow from the top of it shall Drink of the best Blood in *England*.

The Original may be seen in several Families in that County, and is particularly in the Hands of Mr. Egerton of Olton, with many other Particulars, as that Peckforton Wind-Mill should be remov'd to Ludditon Hill ; that there should be so great a Slaughter of Men, that Horses Saddled should

shou'd run about till their Girths rotted away, &c. But this is sufficient to prove Nixon as great a Prophet as Partridge, and we shall give other Proofs of it before we have done with him.

I know your Prophets are generally for Raw Head and Bloody Bones, and therefore don't mind it much; or I might add, that Olton Mill shall be driven with Blood instead of Water. But these Sooth-Sayers are great Butchers, and every Hall is with them a Slaughter-House.

Now as for Authorities to prove this Prophecy to be Genuine, and how it has been hitherto accomplish'd, I might refer myself to the whole County of Cheshire, where 'tis in every ones Mouth, and has been so these Forty Years. As much as I have of the Manuscript was sent me by a Man of Sense and Veracity, as little given to Visions as any Body: For my own Part, I build nothing on this or any other Prophecy, only there is something so very odd in the Story, and so pat in the wording of it, that I cannot help giving it as I found it.

The Family of the Cholmondeleys is very ancient in this County, and takes its

Name from a Place so call'd near Nantwich ; there are also Cholmton and Cholmondeston, but the Seat of that Branch of the Family, which kept our Prophet Nixon, is at Vale-Royal, on the River Wever in de la Mere Forrest. 'Twas formerly an Abbey, founded by Edward I. and came to the Cholmondeleys from the famous Family of the Holcrofts. When Nixon prophecy'd, this Family was without an Heir, but Thomas Cholmondeley, Esq; marrying the Daughter of Sir Walter St. John had by her a Son. Mrs. Cholmondeley being with Child and falling in Labour continu'd so for some Days, all which time an Eagle sat on the House Top and flew away when she was deliver'd, as will be further mention'd.

A Raven is also known to have built in a Stone Lyons Mouth in the Steeple of the Church of Over in the Forest of de la Mere; not long before the Abdication of King James, the Wall spoken of fell down, and fell upwards, and in removing the Rubbish, were found the Bones of a Man of more than ordinary size; the Pond at the same time ran with Water that had a reddish Tincture, and was never known to have done so before or since.

Head-

Headless-Cross in the Forrest, which in the Memory of Man was several Foot high, is now sunk within half a Foot of the Ground.

In the Parish of Budworth, a Boy was born about Eighteen Tears ago with Three Thumbs, the Youth is still living there, and the Miller Peter lives in Nogginshire Mills, in expectation of fulfilling this Prophecy on the Person of Perkin; he has also Two Heels on one Foot, but I find he does not intend to make use of them, for he's a bold Briton, and a Loyal Subject to King George, zealous for the Protestant Succession in the Illustrious House of Hanover, has a Vote for the Knights of the Shire, and never fails to give it on the Right Side; in a Word, Peter will Prate or Box for the good Cause that Nixon has listed him in, and if he does not do the Business, this must be said of him, that no Man will bid fairer for it; which the Lady E——n was so apprehensive of, that wishing well to another Restauration, she often instigated her Husband to turn him out of the Mill, but he look'd upon it as a Whimsy, and so Peter still continues there, in hopes of being as good a Knight as Sir P——p his Landlord was.

Of this Peter I have been told that the Lady Norris of Chelsea, and the Lady St. John of Baterssea have often been heard to talk, and that they both asserted the Truth of our Prophecy and its Accomplishment, with Particulars, which are more extraordinary than any I have yet mention'd. That the King then Reigning hearing of Nixon's Predictions, wou'd needs see him. The Fool cry'd and howl'd, and wou'd not be perswaded to go to Court, saying, He shou'd be Starv'd if he did; A very whimsical Fancy of his: Courts are not Places where People use to Starve in, when they once come there, whatever they did before. The King being inform'd of Nixon's refusing to come, said he wou'd take particular care that he shou'd not be Starv'd, and order'd him to be brought up; Nixon cry'd out, he was sent for again, and soon after the Messenger arriv'd, who brought him up from Cheshire. How, or whether he prophecy'd to his Majesty no Body can tell, but he is not the first Fool that has made a good Court Prophet. That Nixon might be well provided for, 'twas order'd he shou'd be kept in the Kitchin, where he grew so trouble-
some

some in licking and picking the Meat, that the Cooks lockt him up in a Hole, and the Court being to remove that Afternoon, in the hurry, they forgot the Fool, and he was really Starv'd in it.

There are a great many Passages of this Fool-Prophets Life and Sayings transmitted by Tradition from Father to Son in this County Palatine, as that when he liv'd with a Farmer before he was taken into Mr. Cholmondeley's Family, he goar'd an Ox so cruelly, that one of the Ploughmen threatned to beat him for abusing his Master's Beast, Nixon said; My Master's Beast will not be his this Three Days: A Life in an Estate dropping in that time, the Lord of the Manor took the same Ox for a Herriot. This Account as Whimsical and Romantick as it is, was told to the Lady Cooper in the Year 1670, by Dr. Patrick, late Bishop of Ely, then Chaplain to Sir Walter St. John, and that Lady had the following further Particulars relating to this Prophecy, and the fulfilling of many Parts of it from Mrs. Chute, Sister to Mrs. Cholmondeley of Vale-Royal.

That

That a Multitude of People gathering together to see the Eagle beforemention'd, the Bird was frighten'd, that she herself was one of them, and that every one cry'd, Nixon's Prophecy is fulfill'd, and we shall have a Foreign King. That she read it in Manuscript at large, and that the Manuscript was still in the Family. She particularly remember'd that King James was plainly pointed at, and that it was foretold he shou'd endeavour to subvert the Laws and Religion of this Kingdom, for which Reason they wou'd rise and turn him out. That the Eagle, of which Nixon prophecy'd, perch'd on one of the Windows all the time her Sister was in Labour, she said it was the biggest Bird she ever saw, that it was in a great Snow, and that it perch'd on the edge of a large Bow Window, which had a large Border on the out side, and that she and many others open'd the Window to try to scare it away, but it wou'd not stir till Mrs. Cholmondeley was deliver'd; after which it took a flight to a great Tree over against the Room her Sister lay in, where having staid about Three Days, it flew away in the Night. She affirm'd far-
the

ther to the Lady Cowper, that the falling
 of the Garden Wall was a thing not to be
 question'd, it being in so many Peoples Me-
 mory; that it was foretold, that the Heir
 of Vale-Royal, who was then Born, should
 live to see England invaded by Foreigners,
 and that he should fight bravely for his
 Prince and his Country; she thought there
 were to be two Invaders, the one from the
 West, the other from the North, that he
 from the North should bring with him of
 all Nations, Swedes, Danes, Germans,
 and Dutch, that many Battles should be
 fought, and the last of all should be in de
 la Mere Forrest in Cheshire, that the
 Heir of Olton should suffer grievously.
 That the whole Bent of his Prophecy was to
 excite People to stand up in that Day for
 the Laws and Liberties of England, since
 great Ruin and Misery should befall those
 that would betray them. He said, The
 Dispute should last Three Years, the
 first Moderate, the second Bloody, the
 third Intolerable, but that George, the
 Son of George, should put an End to
 all. That afterwards the Church should
 Flourish, and England be the most glo-
 rious Nation upon the Earth. The same
 C Lady

Lady Cooper was not content to take these Particulars from Mrs. Chute, she enquir'd of Sir Thomas Aston of Aston, of the Truth of this Prophecy, and he attested it was in great Reputation in Cheshire, and that the Facts were known by every one to have happen'd as Nixon said they would; adding, that the Morning before the Garden Wall fell, his Neighbour Mr. Cholmondeley going to ride out a Hunting, said, as he past by it, Nixon seldom fail'd, but now I think he will, for he fore-told that this Day my Garden Wall would fall, and I think it looks as if it would stand these Forty Years: That he had not been gone a quarter of an Hour before the Wall split and fell Upwards against the rising of the Hill, which, as Nixon would have it, was a Presage of a Flourishing Church.

As to the removal of Peckforton-Mill, it was done by Sir John Crew, the Miller having lost its Trade there, for which he order'd it to be set upon Ludditon Hill; and being ask'd if he did it to fulfil the Prophecy, he declar'd he never thought of it. I my self have enquir'd of a Person who knows Mr. Cholmondeley's Pond

as well as Rosamond's, and he assur'd me the falling of the Wall, and the Ponds running Blood, as they call it, are Facts, which in Cheshire any one would be reckon'd Mad for making the least Question of them. There are abundance of other Particulars in it, and but few of them remain unfulfill'd; but the holding of the Three King's Horses, and the Miller's Knighthood, when that will be, we want another Cheshire Prophet to tell us: And when it comes to pass, some other Circumstances may be added to Nixon's Prophecy, which are not convenient to be told 'till they be accomplish'd.

If I had a mind to look into the Antiquities of this County, I might find that Prodigies and Prophecies are no unusual Things there. Camden tells us, that at Brereton, not many Miles from Vale-Royal, which gave Name to a Famous, Ancient, Numerous, and Knightly Family; there is a Thing as strange as the Perching of the Eagle, or the falling of the Wall, which he says was attested to him by many Persons, and was commonly believ'd. Before any Heir of this Family dies, there are seen in a Lake adjpyning, the Bodies

dies of Trees swimming upon the Water for several Days together. He adds, That near the Abbey of St. Maurice in Burgundy, there is a Fish Pond, in which a number of Fishes are put equal to the number of Monks of that Place; and if any one of them happens to be Sick, there is a Fish seen floating on the Water too, and in case the fit of Sicknes proves fatal to the Monk, the Fish foretels it by his own Death some days before. This the Learned Camden tells us in his Description of Cheshire, and the Opinion of the Trees swimming in the Lake near Brereton, prevails all about the Country to this Day, only with this difference, that some say 'tis one Log that swims, and some say many.

Lancashire, which is not far off, has been famous for Witches, and I am afraid Cheshire is a little infected by its Neighbourhood. Those that will not believe our Prophecy, may let it alone; if Hope is a good help to Faith, I shall not long be among the Incredulous.

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